No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloodie paiment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.
Wor. Peace Cooſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to or'e walke a Current roring lowd
On the vnſteadfaſt footing of a ſpeare.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimd,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more ſtirres
To rouſe a Lion, then to ſtart a Hare.
North. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heauen methinks it were an eaſie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without corriuall, all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac'd fellowſhip.
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good Cooſen giue me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he ſhall not haue a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not,

Ile keepe them by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no care vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*:
But I will find him when he lies a ſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile haue a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you Cooſin, a word.
Hot. All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poyſoned with a pot of *Ale*.
Wor. Farewell Kinſman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
Nor. Why what a Waſpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;
A plague vpon it, it is in *Gloceſterſhire*;
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vncle kept,
His vncle *Yorke*, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
Zbloud, when you and he came backe from *Rauenſpurgh*,
Nor. *At Barkly* Caſtle. *Hot.* You ſay true,
Why what a candie deale of curteſie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Cooſin: